The Anderson Intelligencer.

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For the Anderson Intelligencer.

Domestic Comforts—A Northerner's Suggestions.

MR. EDITOR: In accordance with your suggestion, I give a few ideas which, if carried out, I think might tend to increase the comforts of Southern people, solely in a domestic point of view. I do not propose to discuss the domestic laborer—the negro—in any light. I do not understand him, I do not like him; two points you will find in any Northerner's mind, let his tongue or his pen say to the contrary notwithstanding.

In the first place the houses—the homes of the people—compel attention, as being of the utmost importance to all. They might be, I think, very materially improved. The almost universal practice of having detached and distant kitchens, while convenient in summer, is, to say the least, very objectionable in winter or wet weather, the cook being compelled to leave a hot kitchen and go some distance to the house in an atmosphere nearly or quite freezing, or worse, in a heavy sleet. Were the cooks always servants accustomed to exposure, this might not be so much a consideration; but as they may, occasionally, at least, be either the mother or daughter of the family, it is a most serious one. The passage through a low temperature or a rain decreases the heat of the food, an item here, where hot bread is the rule and not the exception. Kitchens can be built separate enough to avoid all odors agreeable and otherwise, and yet connected with the house so as to avoid the weather, by either an enclosed passage, capable of being opened in summer, or by placing the store-room between the dining room and kitchen, communication to all being had by an entry, with proper ventilation.

Most of the houses are under-pinned with brick, and left open underneath for a space varying from two to six feet, creating a strong draft, and possibly the best way of chilling a floor in winter ever conceived. What would be the verdict on a man who should build a house of a single thickness of inch boards, nailed to the studding, and expect it to be warm? This is exactly what is done in the floors of such houses, which are exposed to the weather in its worst form—a draft—with the additional disadvantage, that while you may avoid contact with the walls, you cannot escape it with the floors. This accounts, in a measure, for the frequent complaint of cold feet in extreme weather. The floors are like ice. This may be averted by banking the houses with earth, or still better, by boarding and ceiling between the under-pinning. This will not increase the heat in summer, while in winter it merely prevents the exhaustion by the colder outside air of the warmth generated by the stove or fire-place.

The dining-rooms should be warm during meals. It is not healthy to eat in a room little if any warmer than out of doors. It induces haste, always prejudicial, and one of the most certain causes of dyspepsia—that curse of our modern times. The starting of a fire just as the meal is placed on the table, is of no advantage except to the servant who washes the dishes, about which time the room begins to become habitable. If it is inexpedient to keep several fires at the same time, the dining-room may be used as a family sitting-room, as is frequently done in the North under similar circumstances. One fire then does for both.

Additional heat in chambers would, I think, be advisable. It cannot be prudent, that a young child or an invalid should undress in a cold room, put on clothing that is chilly in the extreme, and lie down between sheets that are positively icy, and shiver for a greater or less time. Shocks from cold, physicians tell us, are beneficial, but to be so, they must be succeeded by immediate reaction, and not be very violent or long continued. Every attention should be paid to ventilation, as while we are asleep, we are more liable to danger from impute air; but surely it is not necessary to have as much ventilation as there is in some cases. I have seen the bed-room of a lady—an invalid—so exposed by windows and doors that in extreme weather, with a roaring fire that roasted the face, water would freeze ten feet from the fire, out of its direct action. This is not and never will be healthy. Much of this could be very cheaply remedied by the listing of badly fitting doors and windows to exclude the cold air. A door which, when closed, will allow a good sized cat to enter, is of very little use as a protector against bad weather.

The more general use of carpets would prove a great addition to comfort. The day has passed when carpets were considered a luxury—when even kings were content to walk on bare floors, or at best on straw. They are now a necessity; and although somewhat expensive, I think that the surplus money spent in whiskey—above the amount required to have an occasional glass with a friend, and some always on hand for the "stomach's sake," to say nothing of the palate—would, if devoted to the purchase of carpets, produce such an astonishing crop in some houses I wot of as to make its disposition extremely puzzling.

Some of the labor delegated to the female portion of the family should be lifted from them; for instance, the care of gardens and the superintendence of hog-killing, will do for examples. A delicately nurtured woman has no business to expose herself to the dews of the morning and the broiling sun of noonday, as she must do to properly care for a garden; and hog-killing, coming as it does in the most inclement season, is a thing that should be taken out of the list of "woman's rights." I have killed hogs a number of times, never less than forty and reaching one hundred, but no woman ever touched the work from the time the first throat was cut until the last piece was ready for the stove, when it properly passed for the first time into woman's domain, and it was well done, and in a cleanly manner, too.

I do not mean to say that a woman cannot do these things, for I hold that, outside of physical strength, whatever a man can do, a woman can also, and in a majority of instances do better; but for the sake of the health, as well as the comfort of the gentler sex, certain things should be done by men. I have seen a lady suffer from a severe attack of pneumonia, solely from over-exposure consequent on the killing and curing two hogs. Had she been compelled to oversee one hundred taken care of, what would have been the result? She would have been past "curing."

The placing of wells nearer houses, and the introduction of pumps, would materially increase the comfort of house-keepers. To be compelled to go into the next lot for all water, is exceedingly inconvenient; and to have to draw a bucket-full from a deep well to get a single glass is atrocious, to say nothing of the peculiar propensity of the rope to break at the most inopportune time, (say on wash-day,) causing a season of fishing for the bucket, and a degree of profanity not to be thought of without a shudder. Lift pumps, with proper valves, will draw water from the deepest wells.

The building of cellars under a portion at least of each house, would be of service, furnishing a capital place for keeping butter, milk and other supplies easily spoiled by heat, especially when it can be done so cheaply as in this country, where the absence of stone renders expensive blasting unnecessary. Where the houses are raised from the ground, the work is half done. An excavation of three or four feet, and the banking or boarding spoken of above, would make a complete cellar, frost-proof in winter, for the preservation of vegetables, &c., and cool in summer.

The much discussed propriety of a single crop culture, is not a question of comfort, except in so far as it relates to the increase or decrease of the money result of the farm; but the want of care of, and attention to, the various implements of the farmer, is a source of very great discomfort to the lady of the farm, who is annoyed by the remarks on the unexpectedly early decay of the wagon, which has never known a shelter, and the unsuccessful hunt for the holding-back strap, which was last used as a substitute for a hinge on the front gate. A man does not generally hang his coat on the fence as a regular thing, or leave his boots on the porch roof, but he lets his plows and wagons, much more valuable, take the weather as it comes, and exactly where he used them last.

Anything, however small, that adds to the comfort of the master or mistress of the house, adds to that of the other partner in a corresponding degree; and as the ocean is composed of drops of water, so the sea of life is largely filled with small drops of trouble. The large waves of disaster and misfortune come occasionally, sweep over us and are gone. The small troubles are constantly about us, and each one, as it is lightened or obviated, becomes a point gained never to be lost. W.

Anderson, S. C.

OUR PHOSPHATE BEDS.—The determination of the Marine and River Mining Company to begin work in Beaufort River is an event hardly secondary in importance to our interests to the building of the Port Royal Railroad. As we intimated last week it secures also the location of other enterprises. First among these will be the erection of works for the purpose of manufacturing fertilizers. We cannot see why this has been so long delayed; there are two reasons which render the desirability of the conjunction of the two enterprises evident. The northern manufacturers of fertilizers who use our phosphates as a principal ingredient, have to pay freight upon the phosphate to the north, say six dollars per ton; add cost of hauling, wharfage, etc., to the factory at least two dollars. This expense is saved by bringing the miner and the manufacturer together as is to be done here.

The second reason is found in the fact that the South is the principal market for fertilizers. South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee are at present consuming immense quantities. So large is it, that the railroads are blocked with it along every line; Northern factories are delayed, annoyed and injured by the impossibility of getting their products or fertilizers to the markets, for, as the sale and delivery of it is concentrated into the few months between the gathering of one crop and the planting of the next, even the immense facilities of our North and South lines are inadequate to furnish all the transportation needed.

At Port Royal the factories now located in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wilmington, Del., and Jersey City, would, if established here, be six or seven hundred miles nearer their principal market. The saving in freight on the manufactured product coming South would be quite equal to that saved on the crude phosphate going North, or fully fifteen dollars per ton. This saving would pay for the abandonment of their present works and the building of new in a very short time.

We are glad to know that the experiment will be made here soon, and look forward with confidence to the day when hundreds of thousands of tons of fertilizers will be distributed from Beaufort and Port Royal.—*Beaufort Republican.*

SUCCESS MAKES ENEMIES.—They who are eminently successful in business, who achieve greatness, notoriety in any pursuit, must expect to make enemies. So prone to petty jealousy and sordid envy is poor human nature, that whoever becomes successful is a mark for the malicious spite of those who, not deserving success themselves, are envious of the merited triumph of the more worthy. Moreover, the opposition which originates in such despicable motives, is sure to be of the most unscrupulous character; hesitating at no iniquity, descending to the shabbiest littleness. Opposition, if it be honest and manly, is not in itself undesirable. The competitor in life's struggles, who is of true mettle, deprecates not opposition of an honorable character, but rather rejoices in it. It is only injustice or meanness which he deprecates; and it is this which the successful must meet, to the measure of success which excites it.

— Some questions very naturally suggest themselves to an inquiring mind. An amateur farmer wonders "why, on all this fair earth, the ground is bottom side up, so that it must be turned over with a plow before crops can be raised?"

Cotton Planters and Cotton Speculators.

Throughout the South there seems to be a feeling that at New York combinations of speculators are using all their power to depress the value of the great Southern staple. We draw this inference from the fact that meetings of buyers and planters are being held throughout the cotton States at which resolutions are adopted asking that buyers of "futures" will in all cases demand the cotton on their contracts, and advising producers to keep back their crops and prevent these combinations from holding cotton enough to meet their contracts; and so thwart their designs.

The friends of this movement seem to ignore the fact that, on all these contracts there are two sides, the "bulls" to advance the price, as well as the "bears" to depress it—and that in the long run the side which has the most correct views of the actual situation of the cotton trade must come out victorious. They also overlook the consideration that a single 100 bales will—and we have seen cases where it did—settle contracts for over 3,000 bales; and indeed, there is no limit but time to the amount of contracts it might settle. There is no doubt that the system of contracts in vogue here is gradually reducing the volume of business in actual cotton. A comparison of the number of bales sold here, since and before the adoption of this system, would at once settle that point.

The outburst of feeling among Southern shippers seem to us without warrant. Before this "future" business we had the same class of operations; there were "bulls" and "bears" as now; and the change recently adopted in the mode of conducting the business places the Southern interest at no more disadvantage than formerly; indeed, as the actual holders of the cotton sold by the "bears" for future delivery, the South has now a very important advantage.

It is evident there is and has been for some time something keeping back the good cottons; for the actual receipts, both here and at other sea ports, show that the cotton received is fully 25 per cent. lower in grade than last or former years. It may be that this can be accounted for by the fact that, with such a large crop as is generally estimated, the planters have not been able to give it the care that is necessary to produce a good crop. But, whatever may have been the cause of this deterioration in the grade of the cotton coming to hand, it is clear that this fact itself, and not the mere action of speculators (who can influence any market but very temporarily) is to be accepted as a very important cause contributing to the decline in cotton. It is also to be kept in mind that—with the large crop in this country (our receipts now pointing to an important increase over last year,) and an evidently abundant crop in nearly all the other cotton producing countries, heavy stocks in Europe, (but not, however, quite as large as last year at this time,) a very unsatisfactory trade in Manchester, and the fact that the expense per loom in building new factories in England is largely in excess of what it was five years ago, (since which time there have been very few new works put up)—all facts seem to indicate plenty of raw material and a scarcity of looms to spin it. It is true there have been some few factories put up in the South; but they can only supply a home demand, and are but as a bloom in a 1,000 acre field; their effect on the great cotton trade can hardly be felt beyond their own neighborhood.

Whether the "bulls" or "bears" will prevail remains to be seen; but it does seem that the "shorts" (bears) have much in their favor. They, of course, have agreed to deliver what they have not; and if the "bulls" can control all the cotton, they can make their strength felt at the end of each month; but can they, with the large crops, hold enough to do this? Have they the requisite moneyed strength? If they have, they will certainly temporarily put up the price; but if not, is not the natural tendency from these causes towards lower prices? Time will tell.—*New York Evening Bulletin.*

RESIGNATION OF CALDWELL.—The resignation of Senator Caldwell seems to have taken the country by surprise. Since the beginning of the last session of the Forty-second Congress his case has been undergoing investigation, but the resignation of the accused, pending a decision, was the last thing thought of. His determination seems to have been arrived at within the past two or three days, and was, no doubt, the result of a careful canvass of the Senate and a certain conclusion as to the verdict. No one, outside of the Senate, ever entertained the slightest doubt of his having been elected by the practice of corruption; but few believed that the Senate, despite the convincing nature of the evidence, would ever find him guilty. For Caldwell was not as bad as either Colfax or Patterson, yet neither of those bribe-taking perjurers ever received blame or censure from the Republican majority. Perhaps, however, the thunders of Thurman and of Schurz, perhaps the general indignation aroused over the country, taught the corrupt majority that it would not be wise or safe to trifle longer with public opinion, that it would not be prudent or expedient to add another to the list of whitewashed criminals. Caldwell, seeing expulsion certain, has made an ignominious retreat, has resigned when a resignation is equivalent to a confession of guilt. What advantage he is to derive from such a course we cannot imagine; but he at least puts an end to a tedious discussion, saves his political allies the performance of a disagreeable duty, and gives the Legislature of Kansas another harvest of greenbacks, in the shape of a Senatorial election.—*Chronicle and Sentinel.*

VALUE OF AGRICULTURAL PAPERS.—At the last fair of the Oregon State Agricultural Society Col. David Taggert delivered an address, which he bore testimony to the value of agricultural papers as follows:

There are one or two points I would like to impress forcibly upon your minds. Every farmer in Oregon, every farmer in the United States, and every farmer in the world ought to take at least one agricultural paper, and read it, and make every capable member of his family read it. Every man who owns or cultivates a rod of ground ought to take one. Frequently a little paragraph of half a dozen lines will be worth more to him than twenty years' cost of the paper. It is a great help to any man to have the benefit of other men's experience to add to his own, and that is precisely what he gets by reading excellent papers. And not only this, but he is likely to get the experience of the brightest and ablest farmers in the country, for these are the men who usually contribute to them. They have done more for the improvement of farming than even exhibitions. I will venture to say if there were no such publications you would have no such agricultural societies, and no shows. The farmer is sure to get behind who does not read them.

— A New York paper says "a Providence policeman dropped dead at his post." He should have followed the example of many other policemen, and kept away from his post.

Planting the Crop.

Although planting cannot be regarded as having yet fairly commenced in the Southern States, owing to the backwardness of the season, the preparations for it have so far progressed as to indicate its probable nature and extent. So far the facts warrant the conclusion that there will be a considerable increase in the breadth of land. The present and the last seasons were prosperous for planters, and notwithstanding the drawbacks of partial failures of the crop in various localities, yet the profits were large and satisfactory, sufficiently so to demonstrate beyond all question, that cotton is still the most advantageous and profitable product of Southern industry. This fact is producing the natural result of increasing the culture of the staple, and if the weather should present even ordinary inducements for planting, there can be no doubt that the area placed under cultivation will largely exceed any former year.

As an illustration of this tendency, it may be stated that the Southern papers commence their annual campaign for extensive cotton and large corn planting with more than usual vigor and vehemence. They ignore the fact that an acre of cotton is worth more than an acre of corn, and predict general bankruptcy unless the South raises more corn and less cotton. Some journals even insist that the only hope of the South is to limit her production, thus adopting the now almost exploded fallacy of the trades unions, that the best way to increase wealth is to limit production. In reality, Southern prosperity is best promoted by large crops and low prices. Dear cotton limits consumption, enhances the prices of textiles and all kinds of exchangeable commodities, and operates as a direct bounty on foreign competition. The Southern planters instinctively comprehend their true interests in this matter, and are not likely to forego the cultivation where it may be practicable to any considerable extent.

Another evidence of an enlarged breadth of cotton culture is afforded by the very marked activity of the trade in fertilizers. Accounts from the cotton States concur in representing that the quantity of fertilizers taken this year is considerably in excess of last year, when, it may be remembered, the amount was regarded as unprecedented. The various firms in this city engaged in the trade are very busy filling orders, and it is known that the trade is equally active in other distributing centres. The carrying capacities of the Southern railroad companies are beginning to be taxed to the utmost to move the consignments of fertilizers to the interior.

This increased use of fertilizers may be regarded as a new and marked feature of cotton planting. Experience shows that no investment pays better. Fertilizers carry the crop through vicissitudes of weather that would be otherwise fatal to it. It permits later planting and earlier picking, and thus saves nearly two weeks' time at the first and last of the season, when the weather is liable to the most extreme and dangerous vicissitudes. Besides these advantages, amounting almost to an exemption against the usual chances of the weather, it is found that the increased yield more than pays the cost of the fertilizers. They can be generally relied on to afford a sure and paying crop under circumstances where without them a corn crop would be the only alternative. In view of these facts it is no wonder that the trade in fertilizers should be active beyond all precedent. Planters are finding out that they cannot afford to dispense with their use.—*New York Bulletin.*

"WELL, THAT'S A MYSTERY TO ME!"—How often are the above words uttered or thought by the man of business or pleasure, standing at the counter of a Telegraph office and gazing at the instruments around the room as they rattle away in confusion more unintelligible to him than the cackling of so many geese? Of course it is not expected that we all should be able to read the characters as they are made upon the telegraphic instrument; but it is expected of us who use the wires as a media of business and social intercourse that we should know the difference between an electric telegraph and a telegraph worked by a crank. We should know that the kite-tails, which hang across the wire, are not messages stopped "in their mad career." We should know that the original of a telegram is never transmitted from the sending office, but that the message is translated into telegraphic characters, which are retranslated by the operator who receives them at the point of destination. We should know the difference between a chemical combination, called a battery, for generating electricity and a piece of field artillery. And we should also be able to distinguish an electric battery from an electric magnet. Every school-boy should know enough of natural philosophy to enable him to avoid a display of ignorance which makes many a large man the laughingstock of intelligent telegraphists.—There is no better excuse for the confession that the telegraph is a mystery to us than that railroads are a mystery. There are many things in the world deeply mysterious and complicated, which would prove as clear as daylight and as simple as "rolling off a log" did we only take the trouble to enlighten ourselves.—*Rome (Ga.) Courier.*

THE DIFFERENCE.—Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this; so do their boys. And yet the mother seems to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair door and insinuatingly observes, "Johnny." There is no response. "John-ny." Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp "John," followed a moment later by a prolonged and emphatic "John Henry." A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made, and the mother is encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there and give you something you'll feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda-bottle ejects its cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity and pierces the deepest recesses of his very nature. And he pops out of that bed and into his clothes and down the stairs with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.—*Danbury News.*

— A Vermont farmer sent to an orphan asylum for a boy that was smart, active, brave, tractable, prompt, industrious, clean, pious, intelligent, energetic, good-looking, reserved and modest. The superintendent wrote back that unfortunately they had only human boys in that institution.

Justice from a Northern Correspondent.

The Philadelphia *Press* has a correspondent traveling through the South whose letters are the fairest that we have yet seen published in a Northern Republican journal. We take the following from the concluding portion of a letter written after passing through Virginia and the Carolinas:

We in the North, even the best informed, labor under the very erroneous impression that politics are in a state of chronic agitation in the South, and that lawlessness is the rule, and that every Southern man is a perambulating arsenal, hung round with small arms and bowie knives. As to the politics, the people never mention them, save to denounce some unprincipled vulture in the shape of a carpet-bagger, who comes here simply for office, and to rise on their ruin. The carpet-bagger is the bummer, the camp follower of Northern politics, who, failing to get his hands on the regular loot, goes South as an adherent of the Government. Those creatures would adhere to anything they saw an unlawful dollar in, and the Government has aided them without due care. The universal sentiment is that of adherence to the Union, an acceptance of all the issues matured by the war, and a determination to restore their section to the more than its former power and opulence. Therefore, as wise men, they do not dabble in politics, and they know it to be to their interest to maintain peace and obey the laws. And this would be the only course even were the motives none other than selfiish, for labor and capital, the two things most needed in the South, would be scared away by lawlessness.

As to carrying concealed weapons, of course my only means of judging was from the representations of those with whom I conversed. The best Southern people deplore the carrying of concealed weapons, and I am informed that the custom is on the wane. Indeed, it was retorted by a gentleman whom I questioned on this subject: "Yes, some of our hot-headed young men carry arms, but there are more murders from this practice in New York, or even in Philadelphia, than among an equal number of people in any Southern State in one year."

Of course this statement was general, yet I remembered enough of the crime resulting from the habit in the North not to contradict him flatly. It is very comforting to have a scape-goat, pleasant to cast stones at the erring, entertaining and Christian-like to see the defects in our brothers' eyes, but I question its being exactly orthodox Christianity. I know the State from which I come is pure. I know there is no lawlessness or corruption in Pennsylvania. I know the best and purest men are in office, and that merit is the test of preference, and yet somehow it strikes me we can spare no missionaries to preach honesty and honor to the people of the South.

The Greatest Hanging on Record.

The greatest hanging that ever occurred in the United States took place in 1863, in the town of Mankato, Blue Earth county, Minnesota, which is situated near the southern border of the State. In the previous year a great Indian war had raged on the frontier, during which over seven hundred whites, mostly women and children, were massacred, and on the defeat of the Indians and the end of the war three hundred and three of the savages were tried by court martial for murder and condemned to death. President Lincoln interfered, however, to prevent such a wholesale infliction of the death penalty, and respited all but thirty-eight, who were hanged together in the presence of a vast crowd which had assembled from all directions to witness the execution.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* has recently conversed with witnesses of the terrible scene, who gave him a full account of the affair. When the death warrant was read to the thirty-eight condemned Indians they received their sentence very coolly, not fully comprehending the import of the instrument; at the close of the first paragraph they gave a hearty grunt of approval; but as the reading proceeded and they discovered the drift of the document they refrained from further manifestations of approbation, though they smoked their pipes composedly to the end.—Nearly all of them maintained a stoical demeanor up to the time of their execution, except when the caps were placed on their heads. These caps were made long and looked like meal sacks, but being rolled up only covered the forehead, allowing their painted faces to be seen. When they had been adjusted on a few of the Indians, so that each could see the undignified and grotesque effect on the others, they appeared to be exceedingly humiliated and disheartened. But they are described as having gone cheerfully to the gallows, some even jostling and crowding the others in their eagerness to be first. As they ascended the scaffold the death song was started, and when they had all got up, the noise of their deep, swelling voices was fearfully unpressive.

When the scaffold fell and left the thirty-eight bodies dangling in the air, several of the condemned were seen endeavoring to clasp each other's hands. One young fellow managed to get a cigar under his white cap, and smoked it to the last. The Indians respited by President Lincoln were taken to an island in the Mississippi near Davenport, where they were closely confined for a year, after which they were transferred to a barren reservation in an extremely cold region, where they were turned loose to freeze or starve.

WHERE THE SUN DOES NOT SET.—A scene witnessed by some travelers in the north of Norway, from a cliff one thousand feet above the sea, is thus described:

The ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of waves scarcely reached our airy lookout; away in the North the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the waves, a bridge of gold running due north spanning the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunset you ever saw and the beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on his beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day."

WORTH KNOWING.—All kind of poultry and meat can de cooked quickly by adding to the water in which they are boiled a little vinegar or a piece of lemon. By the use of an acid there will be a considerable saving of fuel, as shortening of time. Its action is beneficial in old, tough meats, rendering them tend r and easy of digestion. Tainted meats a d fowls will lose their bad taste and odor if cooked in this way, and if not used too freely, no taste will be acquired.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

— A "revolutionary movement"—Turning a grindstone.

— A dandy on shore is bad enough, but a swell on the sea is sickening.

— What do little folks do before going to sleep? Shut their eyes.

— Good news for husbands—Ladies wear their dresses longer than they used to do.

— Are the Michiganders any relation to the Portuguese, and if so, how much and what?

— "Teeth extracted with great pains," is the rather ambiguous advertisement of a dentist.

— Among the warmest friends of the one-term principle are the convicts in the penitentiary.

— Give to a pig when it grunts and to a child when it cries, and you will have a fine pig and a spoiled child.

— Ear-ache may be almost instantly relieved by rolling a pinch of black pepper in a bit of cotton, and putting in the ear.

— There is a man in Newberry who keeps a list of all the banks in the country, so as to be able to say that he keeps a bank account.

— If a woman tells more than the truth in speaking of a rival's age, she will probably make the thing even by under stating her own.

— A Danbury man says he has read of beggars dying with stockings full of silver, but the only beggars he ever saw had real estate in theirs.

— Would you rather go through a giddy waltz with a pretty girl than go through a pretty waltz with a giddy girl? We pause for a reply.

— A Vermont paper says its town has five physicians, and in the same paragraph maliciously inquires if it is not about time to lay out the cemetery incorporated by the last Legislature.

— It has been made a question whether the abolition of the franking privilege will apply to the widow of President Lincoln, who received the right of franking, on her husband's death, for the rest of her natural life.

— The Southern papers have begun their annual task of advising the people to plant less cotton. And, as soon as the people read such advice, they immediately go to buying more cotton-seed and hiring extra hands.

— In St. Louis, the other Sunday, the Rev. Dr. Burlingame preached from the text: "How old art thou?" The next day about one-third of the women in his congregation called around to tell him that it was none of his business.

— What kind of cattle do they have out at Zanesville? A man there advertises that he wants "a woman to wash, iron and milk one or two cows." Washing may do cows good, but we don't think they will like ironing.

— It is suggested that some of the superfluous genius which finds relief in the invention of all sorts of patent machines for useless purposes, might be better employed in the invention of a ballot box which could not be stuffed.

— The Concord (N. H.) *Monitor* attributes the falling off in the Republican vote in that State to the quiet canvass, the inclement weather, over-confidence, and the suicidal action of the salary-robbers in Congress. It is gratifying to know what did it.

— Mark Twain has a receipt for the celebrated Rochester bean soup, which is compounded as follows: Take a lot of water, wash it well, and boil it until it is brown on both sides; then carefully pour one bean into it and let it simmer. When the bean begins to get restless sweeten it with salt, then put it up in air-tight cans, hitch each can to a brick, and chuck them overboard, and the soup is done.

— Rumors are current in the Southwest as to the resuscitation of a project started by General Shields in 1848, to establish a new State on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, with San Luis as the capital and Matamoras and Tampico as seaports. It is urged that a force of five thousand men could take and hold the territory, and such a force could easily be recruited in New Orleans and Mobile.

— A Kentucky editor received the following note from a subscriber: "Sir, i notis a few errors in the obituary of myself which appeered in your paper of last wensday, i was born in greenup co., not caldwell, and my retirement from bisness in 1869 was not owin to ill health, but tu a little trouble i had in connection with a horse, and the cors of my deth was not small pox. please make corrections for which i enclose 50 cents."

— An editor is a man who lives on what other people owe him until he starves to death. A subscriber is one who takes a paper and says he is well pleased with it, and he tells everybody else "he ought to subscribe." After he has subscribed about seven years, the editor writes to him and asks him to let him have $2.50, (two dollars and fifty cents,) and then the subscriber writes back to the editor and tells him not to send his old paper any more, for there is nothing in it, and then the poor editor goes and starves to death more.

— The Sumter *News* gives us the following, which is the best that we have seen in a month: As one of our fast-traveling Radical citizens dashed through Main street, the other day, behind his gallant, high-stepping, arch-necked steed, some one expressed his admiration, (for the horse, not the driver,) and wondered where he got him. A ready-witted old gentleman, who overheard the *quasi* question, replied promptly, that the animal was sired by "the State Treasury," out of the dam "taxes."

— Josh Billings says: "All you have to do to raise oats is to plow the land deep, then manure it well, then sprinkle the oats all over the ground, one in a place, then worry up the ground with a drag all over, then set up nites to keep the chickens and woodchucks out ov them, then cradle them together with a kradle, then rake them together with a rake, then bind them together with a band, then stack them together with a stack, then thrash them out with a frail, then clean them up with a mill, then sharpen both ends of them with a knife, then stow them away in the granary, then spend wet days and Sundays trapping for rats and mice. It ain't nothing but phun to raise oats—try it.

TRAINING A HEIFER.—Cows usually become addicted to kicking, when heifers, from being milked by abusive milkers. I have never seen an old cow become a kicker unless abused. Instead of cows being averse to being milked when giving a large quantity, I have ever found it the reverse. When pasturage is good, and cows come home at night with udders distended with milk, our "downcast" cows seem grateful to have it removed. Milking a heifer for the first time requires patience, for they will almost invariably kick. In such a case put a broad strap around her body, just in front of the udder, and buckle it up moderately tight, and, so soon as she gets quiet, (for she may dance around a little at first,) take your pail, sit down and go to milking, for she is as helpless as a kitten. Do not attempt to use a rope instead of a strap, for it will not answer. This is a much better method than tying the legs, as it does not hurt the animal in the least. A few applications of the strap, with plenty of patience and kindness, will cure the most obstinate case.—*Rural Home.*